

LIBERATOR

John Cotton Dana, 1856-1929



He hurled no ultimatum at the state
 Nor led a revolution out to cry
 An empty creed against the empty sky.
 Nor ever did he play upon the hate
 Of poor for rich, of ignorant for great.
 And since his slow revolt was fine and high
 For him no banners dip along the sky,
 No cannons roar, no millions venerate.

His deed was not a sudden, blaring thing;
 It was a lifework, patient, unacclaimed.
 And now before the searching mind of youth
 The serried thinkers of the ages fling
 Their gold. This man made knowledge free, unchained;
 He loosed the slow, invading tide of truth.

Gerald Raftery